Troubles and Trials of an Editor.

The editor of the Podunk Poser suspended his publication some few weeks ago, and in his last i-sue he

"With this issue the Podunk Poser ceases to annoy and disturb the souls of its late alleged pations, and it is but proper that I, the only surviving memento of a lost cause and snuffcolored hopes, should submit my reasons to a candid world.

The Poser was supposed to have been a long-felt want by the leading and solid men of Podunk. I was greatly encouraged. I received at the start about \$4,603,000 in promises, which I devoted to building erial castles with hanging gardens, but I'll be hanged if I can see any traces of their former beauties at this writing.

The promises answered as passports to dreamland, and there I stuck like a pig in a morass.

My party was strong and influential. They promised to support the

I was delighted to see little and big business notices handed in by the business men, which I entered in a day-book-a kind of indignant day-book, I reckon, for when I came to make out little bills and send them around, I not only got no money, but word came in most cases to "stop the paper."

This surprised and nonplussed me, and I left the office in great trouble of spirit, supposing I had printed something very naughty in the Poser, that had created many hot boxes, though I could think of nothing that any one ought to find fault with, so I left the office and went out to the various places of business, and asked my friends what I had printed that had offended them. They all said "nothing as they knew of,"-on the contrary they liked the Poser very much,-but (I hate that word) you sent around bills for printing our local notices, and we don't propose to patronize a paper that won't advertise our business free.

I asked them how they expected editor to live, but they laughed, with a hautier toss of the head, and ex claimed, "that's none of our busi-They seemed to think if they took the paper that should entitle them to what advertising they wanted. I began to "figger up" to see how I was coming out. 1 concluded I could pull through if I could paper maker and printers. So 1 told the printers if I paid them for one week, they must work four had to give in.

he should throw in my jobbing stock. He wouldn't stand that, and my last I paid him one month, and insisted surprise and maidenly modesty. Inhe should omit the next three months, but he told me to get out of his building, and I got. I was forced to take an old tobacco shed.

I tound I had somehow struck a rule that wouldn't work both ways.

But, it was coming on campaign made for jobs. The candidates all had characters to clear up-meetings gravel-roofed hyena! were te be advertised, and a bil of \$250 soon ran up on my books. Everybody was excited, and I could not think of asking for pay until the polls closed.

When the election was over, I presented my bill to the committee. The committee seemed to be astonished. They did not think they would have to pay anything, and all their funds had been spent. They were told the paper would support the party, and did not dream I would make any charges.

I was forced to tall back on subscriptions. The first man I struck, struck me with his cane. He only subscribed to help the paper along, and did not expect to be asked to pay anything.

I called on three more, and finally got a quarter from one particular friend, who said he would stand by

me if it cost him a dollar a year.

came in, which I paid out of a small fund I had laid away tor a rainy

thus graphically gives his experi- moters of my enterprise came in, and with much warmth, wanted to know why I admitted the article from "P. L." He desired I should put no more such articles in the Poser.

The next day Mr. P. L came in with another article similar to the last or in extension thereof. I told him I must reject it for the reason that it was offensive to one of my

The next day I met my first friend and told him what had happened. He said if I did publish anything more without letting him see it, there would be another paper started in opposition.

I saw I was in for it-that I could not publish anything without first consulting all my subscribers to see if it was "void of offense." This was a little too much, and as I had received only 17.50 for six months work and all my expenses, and that all the "patrons" seemed very much disinclined to pay, and that they ooked upon a newspaper as a thing that should be furnished tree, and also voice each particular subscriber's sentiments, I concluded that either Podunk was not the place for a newspaper, or that I was not the man to satisfy the Podunkani demands. Hence this obituary. I apologize to my late subscribers for not being able to fill out the year, tree, and I recommend you to the more able and liberal mercies of my successor.

My talents are not limited to newspaper literature. I shall either go to sawing wood, rag picking, or ask for some government office-

perhaps some foreign mission. To all Podunkards, good bye. SYLVANUS GRITT.

Podunk, Sept. 21, 1885.

Adventuress Against Masher.

In the first place he was 40 years old, bald-headed, and ought to have been ashamed of himself. In the next, he probably had a wife and four or five children in Cleveland, and he had no business running after strange gods on a railway train.

There were about twenty passengers in the coach, and of these only five were females. The one who laid over all the rest for youth, good looks, and a far-away look in her make the same system work on my eyes, had a seat alone, and she seemed disposed to refuse a dune

This old bald head, this old mash weeks for the money. They rebelled er in human torm, on whose wrinkled and threw down their sticks, and I forehead the kiss of a fond wife could yet be seen for 60 cents on the I told my paper maker that if I dollar, got his eyes on that girl at an paid him for the newspaper I used, early date, and the conductor had scarcely made his round before he walked up the aisle and plumped effort was in working my landlord. down beside her. She betrayed deed, she looked too coy and sweet for anything.

The old masher began to talk, making himself fully at home, and atter a little the girl seemed to enjoy his company. The rest of us did pity her from the bottom of our time, and I thought my party would hearts. So young! So unsophistisee me out. Lavish orders were cated! So ready to fall into the net being spread for her by that old

> It might have been half an hour after he sat down when we saw the back of his neck flush to a deep red, succeeded by a paleness which would have put roller flour way back alongside of tar. Had he found a carpet tack? Did the motion of the cars make him seasick?

Then we saw her shake her head to emphasize her words, and pretty soon the old masher pulled out his wallet and counted out \$50 and put the bills in her hand. This was no hard." sooner accomplished than he bobbed up, returned to his original seat, and sat down with a "d-n it!" which was heard all over the car.

The girl counted the money twice over, nodded her head as she finished, and the bills went down behind the lace at her throat.

Old bald head! But wasn't he mad? He snorted and kicked and scraped, and nobody dared go near

and the sad-eyed girl got off. Then he spouted. Says he:

"Durn my buttons! but we were One day one of the principal pro- talking away as sweet as sugar when she suddenly says:

" 'Mister, I want \$50!'

" 'Not of me!'

" 'You bet!' " 'Cause why?'

" 'Cause if you don't I'll stand up here and scream out that that you have insulted me. The men on this car will not only punch your old hald head until it will ache for the next six months, but your name will I was told if I did not publish it, get into the papers and your dear another paper would be started in wife hold a surprise party over your remains. Come down!

"She had me. I forked over." Every listner realized that he was telling the solemn truth, and every man gasped out:

"By the great horn spoon!"-New York Sun.

The testimony of the clergy supplenents that of persons in evry other walk of life in regard to the virtues of Mishlers Herb Bitters, Rev. Thomas Starkwesther who was long affected with a distressing cold, was told to use the medicine; he did so without much confidence in the preperation, but he adds: "I am bound to say the Bitters cured me, and I own myself a convert to its efficiency."

Arkansas Melons.

"This year has taught me a sad experience in the watermelon business," he remarked as the boat left Memphis.

"Have you been shipping?" asked the tourist from Ohio.

"Not a ship. I live over there on the Arkansaw bottoms. I heard so much about the water-nelon business -the profit which could be madethat I planted a hull side hill last spring. It was a bad move."

"Didn't the seed come up?"

"Come right up as if somebody had a rope and tackle on 'em."

"And the melons grew?"

"Growed like a mud hole in wet weather. That was the troublethey growed too large."

"Couldn't be handled?"

"Not without the help of two niggers and a yoke o' steers, and that was too expensive. When you get an eight hundred pound watermelon on a side hill, you've got to leave it thar. The steamboats won't handle 'em if you git 'em down to the landing."

"You don't tell me that you had melons weighing Soo pounds!"

"Oh, those were the little ones. The big ones cum nigher a ton. I hadn't no scales, but all my neighbors are mighty peart on guessing."

"And what became of them?"

"That's what occasions my grief, stranger. Them melons threatened to roll down and do me damage. I drew logs to prop them up, and I started for town to get some dynamite to blow some of the biggest to pieces. While I was gone the calamity took place. You see before you a ruined man."

"Wh-what calamity?" gasped the tourist.

"Why, them 'ere melons broke loose and rushed down hill in a body. House, barn, corn-cribs and orchard were clean swept away."

"You don't say!"

"I'm serious, stranger-very serious. I might have recovered from that, perhaps, but one o' them melons rolled into the creek, dammed up the water, and the inundashun carried the side off my farm clean down to the rocks. There wasn't 'nuff dirt left on 120 acres to put in your eve."

"Well, that is tough, and I pity

"Don't, stranger-don't talk to me that way! I kin face hurricanes, cvclones, airthquakes and sich, as brave as a lion; but when anybody pities me-when soft words of sympathy are shot into my soul by a total stranger-it brakes me down, and I have to shed the childish tear, Stranger, excuse me while I cry real

The Ohio man considerately withdrew from that sacred spot, and the watermelon man wrestled with a broken heart.

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